

A

REVIEW

OF THE

STATE

OF THE

ENGLISH NATION.

Tuesday, September 17. 1706.

Te Heavens! What's God a doing in the World?

TH E parting the Red-sea, the dividing of *Jordan*, the linking Walls of impregnable *Ai*——How-
ever supernatural, were not greater Demonstrations of the visible Appearance of God for his *Hebrew* Church, and the Offspring of his Promise, than the successive Victories of Confederated *Europe* over triumphing *France*; have been a Déclaration of his Sovereign Protection over the ravish'd Liberties and dispers'd Churches of the several Nations concern'd in this War.

France, like *Leviathan*, beheld all high things, and was King over all the Children of Pride—He was chief of the Ways of God, and he moved his Tail like a Cedar—The Arrow could not make him flee, sling-Stones

wish him are turned into stubble—His Heart was as firm as a Stone, and hard as the Nether Mill stone—Darts were to him as stubble; when he raised himself up, the mighty were afraid—Upon Earth there was not his like, and he seemed to be born without Fear—*Job. 42.*

Yet this mighty exalted Creature, when he comes to be touch'd by the Finger of his Maker, and to suffer the Correction of the Almighty——When he comes to see the Hand Writing upon the Wall, How is his Strength like Water, and like the *Persian* Monarch, how do his Knees smite one against another?—As God says of *Behemoth* his other Wonder, *Job. 40. 19.* He that made him, can make his Sword approach unto him——

I

I have been formerly censur'd by some People of no small Judgment as well as Quality, for my enlarging on the Power of *France* in the very Beginning of these Volumes. I knew then the Foundation I was laying, and was far from panegyricking on their Strength—But thought it needful to set these People right, who would not allow the *French* to be considerable, or at least not so powerful as I describ'd them; and who were rather for magnifying our Strength on every occasion, and our Superiority to the *French*, and yet at the same time could not bear them; That while six Kings besides petty Princes were leagu'd against him, and he was too hard for them all, yet would not allow him to be strong, would not hear of his Power, his Armies, and his Conquests—

Now I would ask these Gentlemen, if any Kingdom now in the World, or perhaps ever in the World, could have stood after such a Flood of Disasters? if any Power in the World, since *Julius Caesar's* War with the *Gauls*, could have born three such terrible Victories, two far less Victories than these, overthrew the *Carthaginian* Power? — *Pompey* and *Mark Anthony*, the great Contenders for Empire, sunk at one decisive Battle; another *Canna* had dissolv'd the *Roman* Glory, and lay'd her at the Foot of the *Carthaginian* Power, one Battle at *Leipsick* let *Gustavus Adolphus* into the Heart of the *German* Empire.

If *France* stands after three such Blows as these, she does what no Empire but hers ever did, and confirms what I have often affirm'd, That her Power was superiour to any single Empire, that ever was or perhaps will be in the World.

In this Superiority, I reckon not altogether the Numbers of her Troops; for in that, the *Turkish* Empire has been superiour, tho' I do not find, that the *Roman* Empire in its most flourishing State, had ever more standing Forces than the King of *France*; but in her Discipline and Art of War, in which she has instructed the World, and taught even those Nations that now insult her, in her extraordinary Conduct of her Affairs, and influencing, managing, and discovering the most secret Councils of her Enemies.

In these things, the Superiority of *France* has been without Dispute visible to all the World—But now—*Him that made him, has made his Sword approach unto him.* And how does his Greatness fall!

I have never been very forward to pray for the Life of the King of *France* till now, and methinks now nothing can magnifie the Retribution of Providence, and that vindictive Justice, which has always humbled the proudest Mortals, like letting him out-live his Glory.—That his Name may become contemptible, and his Glory be turn'd into Mourning, even before his Eyes; That the persecuted Part of his Subjects may see themselves restor'd by his own Hand, that scatter'd, and their Tyrannical Prince flying to them for Succour and Protection.

On this Score, I would be very willing to see him live, and give Glory to Divine Justice, by restoring what he has stolen by disgorging his Treasure, *tho' that I think is pretty well reduc'd*; and that the Hook of Vengeance being put into his Nostrils, he may submit to the Chastisement of his own Pride—And this is the Condition of the Peace I have pleaded for.

I have another Application to make of this Text, and tho' I have been jesting with for my Attempts that way, as things too often repeated, and what every body knew before; yet I cannot shun the occasion of observing the superior and immediate Hand of Providence in all this.

And tho' 'tis true, the Almighty Power, which is the God of Battle, is the only Giver of Victory, is the Agent in all Actions of such Moment; yet there are Actions in the World more peculiarly pointed out as the Work of Heaven than others, and of such 'tis no Tautology to take special Notice.

The particular Observation I am upon, is this; That the Providence of God seems particularly to point out to the *French*, their Perjury in falling upon the *Spanish* Monarchy, contrary to the Treaty of *Pomerania*, sworn to by the King of *France*, and all the Princes of the Blood.

And tho' 'tis true, the *French* did not take Possession of *Spain* by Pretence of Blood,
or

or Claim of Devolution ; yet I remember, tho' at present, I have not the Opportunity of my Books, that the Preamble of that Treaty runs in Words like these, *Viz.* Whereas it is found inconvenient on both sides, that the Monarchy of *Spain* should fall into the Hands of Foreigners, &c. Now so the Intent that the Kingdom of *Spain*, &c. shall never hereafter be claim'd or possess'd by any of the Posterity of the House of Bourbon, Issue of this Marriage, it is agreed, &c.

If then the Intent of the Treaty, to which he swore, was, That none of his Posterity should inherit the Crown of *Spain*, tho' he does not claim by the Right of Devolution, yet in taking Possession, 'tis my Opinion, a plain Perjury ; and this Providence seems to be pointing out to the *French* in a more than common manner, in that all the Victories gain'd upon them this Year, and which in so wonderful a manner have turn'd the Scale of his Greatness in *Europe*, have been upon the several Articles of that Monarchy.

And not only so, but Providence seems to have punish'd him no where else ; on the *Rhine* he is victorious, and has been able to draw his Troops from thence. In our Descent, if it was ever projected for his Dominions, Heaven has seem'd to spare him ; even the poor *Camisars*, tho' their righteous Cause is, no question, brooding future

Vengeance ; yet for the present, God has given them into his Hand.

But in the *Spanish* Affair, not one Step he takes, prospers ; in every Council he is precipitated, in every Project disappointed, his Armies lose their Glory, his Soldiers are dispirited, his Troops discomfited, his Sieges broke up, his Provisions and Magazines destroy'd, and, in short, nothing prospers with him—If he has not Eyes to see the pointing Hand of Divine Justice, it must be from some secret judicial Blindness, equal to that of *Pharaoh* and the *Agyptians* ; and to me is a signal Token, that God has not done with him yet.

'Tis a Reflection of great Use, and very pleasant to us, who are his Enemies, to see, how the Justice of God pursues particular Actions of the greatest Monarchs in the World, and how Crime and Shame pursue each other in the Circle of terrene Revolutions.

May *Lewis XIV.* be a *Memento Mori* to Men of Pride, and show them the Emptiness of Human Glory. Where are now the Equestrian Statues, the Titles of August and Invincible—Why should one Man think to mate the World ? Men may say, 'tis no equal Match—But why then has he set himself a Match for the whole World ? That Pride is punish'd here—And God has smote him—Let us wait, and he will bring him down ; for all his Works are perfect, and this Blow cannot end here.

MISCELLANEA.

Victory abroad is certainly the best Encouragement to Peace at home ; and I cannot but wonder, why any *English* Man and Protestant should not rejoice in the Downfall of *French* Power ; That there are some such among us, is for a Lamentation ; And I cannot but think, Success abroad lessens their Number, every Victory over the *French* abroad kills some of their Friends here, and tends to preserve our Peace at home, so firmly is *French* and *High-flying* Interest tack'd together, that

nothing can conceal the Sympathy ; but when that sinks, this shakes ; when they dye, these look pale ; and if I might advise them, it should be to come over ; you have stood out long enough, all your foreign Supports sink, the Interest is quite gone, and *French* Power must, I think it must, nothing can prevent it, it must fall——

Now, *Roger*, for the Muzle, *Roger*, the Muzle for the *French* King ; but methinks there is another way as good, and that is knocking out his Teeth ; the Teeth of his Ty-

Tyranny abroad, I mean his strong Towns, and this the Duke of Marlborough is doing as fast he can, and every Week an Eye-Tooth, such as *Meenin*, would soon secure him from biting.

I am sorry, *Roger*, I cannot speak in Peace to thy Master about Troops of Horse—But one Word I must say—'Tis not honest to charge me with saying what I never said, and then call Names, because I won't defend, what I never alledg'd; thy Master says, I have affirm'd, that Troops of Horse may keep the Peace at Elections. I desir'd he would search the Review, and tell me, when it was; for I never offer'd any such thing to the World in my Life—This is showing his Skill, in disputes to prove what he alledges—I say, the Civil Magistrates must keep the Peace, and if Tumult subdue them, the Military Power may assist them—And I say, I need search no Law Books for this; but for Troops of Horse keeping the Peace at an Election, I tell thee, *Roger*, I never said it, thy Master is mistaken; nor do I allow it lawful, and further this Deponent saith not, only desire thy Master not to be so quarrelsome; for I won't quarrel with him,

John Morbaw near Stationers-Hall. 1706. Pr. 4 s.

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